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Judge

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AS YOU read this, gasoline pumps throughout North America bearing the Ethyl emblem are being filled with an even better Ethyl Gasoline. ¶ The anti-knock standard and all-round quality of Ethyl have been raised still higher. For two reasons: (1) to give you more for your money, (2) to meet the requirements of automobiles the motor industry has brought out to take full advantage of Ethyl's universal distribution. ¶ The new cars with high compression engines require fuel of Ethyl's anti-knock standard, and in turn give more power from every gallon used. Older cars find Ethyl a real economy because it prevents harmful knock, overheating and power-loss. ¶ The new standard widens still further Ethyl's margin of superiority over ordinary gasoline. Though it costs oil companies more to produce this higher quality, the price of Ethyl today is less, on the average, than you paid for regular gasoline only a few years ago. Try the new standard today. Feel the difference Ethyl makes. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

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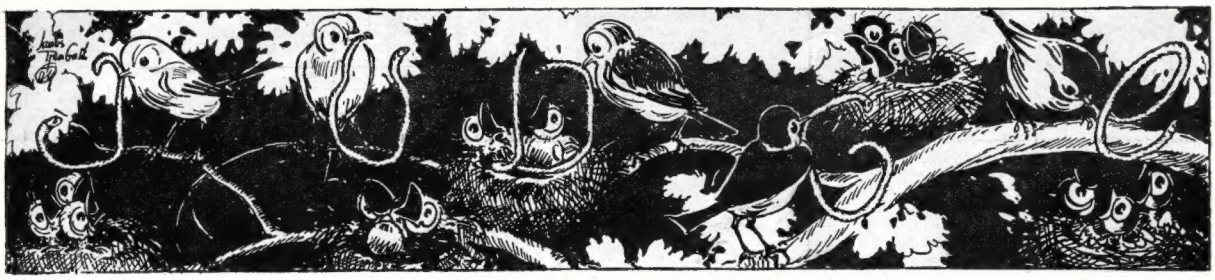


JACK SHUTTLEWORTH, *Editor* GEORGE JEAN NATHAN RICHARD J. WALSH SIDNEY S. LENZ, *Contributing Editors*

JUDGING THE NEWS

COLLEGE students are forever getting themselves in trouble with their authorities, either for what they put in their newspapers, or for what they don't put in their examination papers.

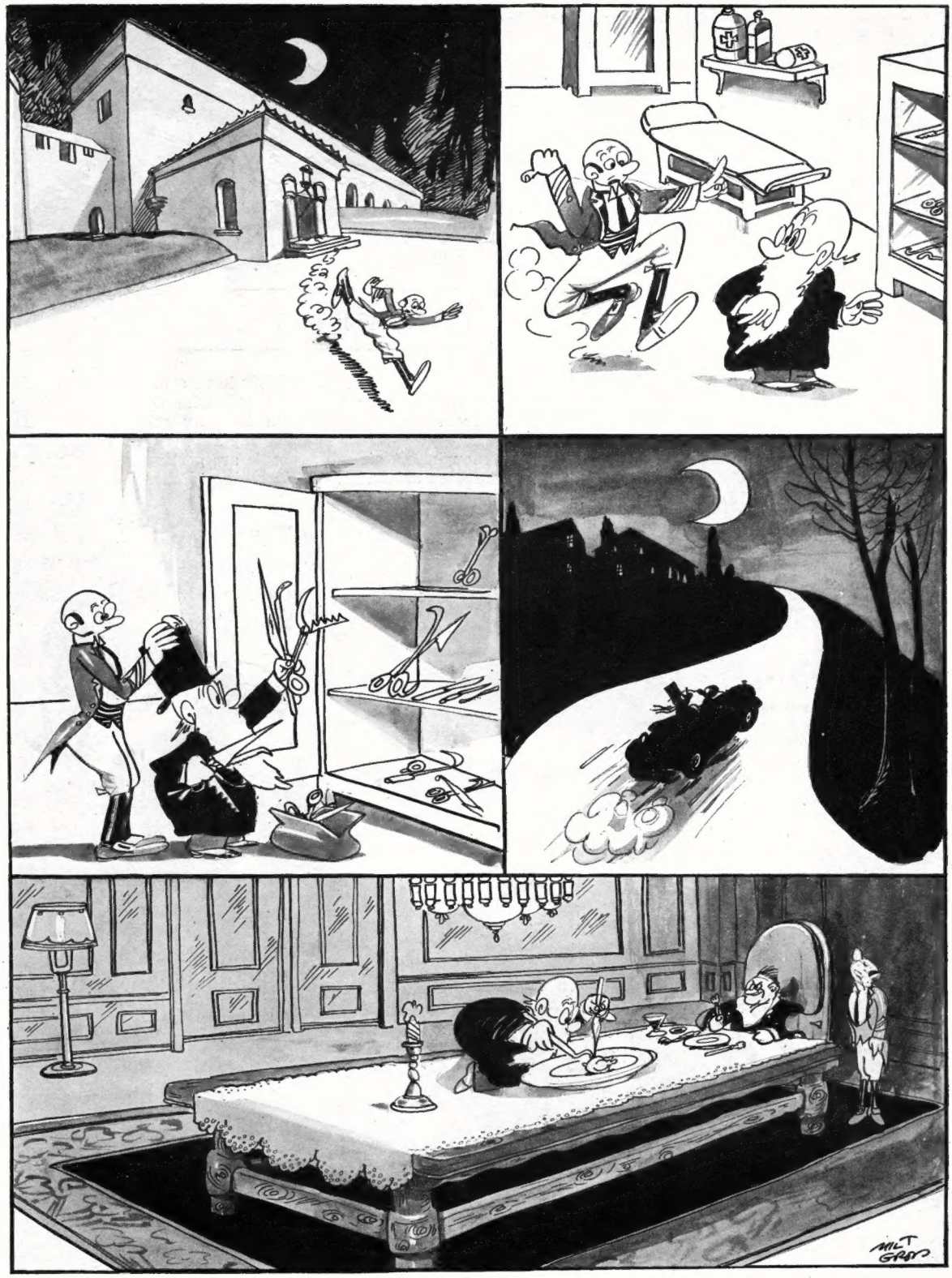
MOST of the presidential booms this year closely resemble the sound that comes from falling down.

AND strangely enough, hot air will not thaw out frozen assets.

WE have a brand new idea for a magazine that wants a circulation building scheme. Ours is to poll the country to see how many people are getting tired of voting in Prohibition Polls.

"These are the workers scurrying away with the eggs."

JUDGE, April 30, 1932. Volume 102. No. 2635. JUDGE is published weekly by Judge Magazine, Inc., at 18 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted 1932, in the U. S. and Great Britain. Subscription rate $5.00 a year. Fred L. Rogan, President and Treasurer; Jack Shuttleworth, Vice President; Frank C. Fisher, Secretary; Sadie M. Nilan, Assistant Treasurer.



The Emergency Call

Skippy Dialogues

By **Percy Crosby**

SKIPPY: A month ago today—or was it yesterday—I was given up for dead. Yes, sir—all the undertakers fightin' over me, only we know the doctor a long time.

YAPPY: Aw, that's a lot o' balloon soup, 'cause last week it was a month ago. No matter when I see ya, it's always a month ago. Wake ya up in the middle o' the night an' it's a month ago.

SKIPPY: Nice way to talk, ain't it, an' me near wearin' a granite hat.

YAPPY: Well, I must say granite is very becomin' an' so slippery. Then again, ya mustn't forget the choir'd turn out in a body.

SKIPPY: Yeh, 'cause they get ten cents extra for corpse singin'.

YAPPY: What do ya want for ten cents—a player piano?

SKIPPY: Well, what would they sing for ten cents?

YAPPY: "Now the day is over—"

SKIPPY: Let's bat out a little harmony an' see how it sounds.

TOGETHER: "Now — the day is ooo-vur-----night is drawing nigh--ii--"

SKIPPY: Ya flat!

YAPPY: Ya're flat!

SKIPPY: I ain't—an' besides, I don't want no flat singin' over me—

YAPPY: Ya was sayin' somethin' about the horsepital—

SKIPPY: Yeh, I got some insides took off me.

YAPPY: What insides?

SKIPPY: Tonsils.

YAPPY: They ain't kidneys, are they?

SKIPPY: No, they're just downstairs from the Adam's apple.

YAPPY: Oh, yes, o' course. Was there many bozos in the horsepital?

SKIPPY: Oh, some—we had it filled all the time. Ya see it's different than a roomin' house, 'cause they don't wait for customers to come in—they go out an' look for them. They got a conductor in a white suit an' make believe he don't bring in business.

YAPPY: S'pose ya don't want to go to the horsepital?

SKIPPY: Ya gotta go, 'cause the cops are in with them.

YAPPY: Is them all what goes there?

SKIPPY: No, people who have a change o' underwear an' a suit o' pajamas don't wait to be took in—they breeze in any time.

YAPPY: Fancy!

SKIPPY: One guy come in with a satchel an' took the room next to me an' he no sooner took a bath an' put on a wall paper suit than zingo! —dead.

YAPPY: Gee! He died then, huh?

SKIPPY: Like that—powie!

YAPPY: Maybe it was the bath what did it.

SKIPPY: It was a very sad bust for a new horsepital an' besides everybody filled up 'cause the guy had a new suit with extra pants.

YAPPY: Oh, isn't that a shame!

SKIPPY: An' that ain't all—he had a dozen handkerchiefs an' three shirts just done up.

YAPPY: Tst! Tst!

SKIPPY: The nurse told me somethin' else I didn't know. He had a set o' false teeth, but she says they looked like a picket fence in his face. I said they ought to break 'em up into little watch fobs for Elks' orphans.

YAPPY: What's a nurse like?

SKIPPY: Well, sir, I'm goin' to marry a nurse 'cause it's the only parade for a regular bozo; a guy with a nurse an' a radio is skippin' on pansies.

YAPPY: Yes, indeed!

SKIPPY: Yes, sir—on pansies.

YAPPY: Well?

SKIPPY: Yes, sir, it was just a month ago tomorrow that I was given up for dead.

YAPPY: Ah! See how I catch ya —a little while ago ya said it was yesterday.

"Scram!"

Revised

LEDGERS are red,
Business is blue;
If you were a banker
You'd have white hair, too.

If the experts ever get this unemployment situation figured out, they can just turn their attention to a real problem and try to think of something people can do who have to spend a Sunday afternoon in a hotel room.

We wish Congress would pass a law prohibiting the use of milk in this country. Then, maybe, our milkman would make his deliveries as quietly as our bootlegger does.

Well, it will soon be summer. In the country, gardeners are reporting that their vegetables are up and in the cities the streets soon will be.

A train announcer is a fellow who comes into the waiting room of a station and keeps calling out names of stations until you have listened long enough to miss the train.

And the more we think of it the more we're certain that an osteopath is nothing but a wrestler who'd rather pick his own set-ups.

The Individualist

I MET Elmer the other day for the first time in twenty years. And, just as I expected, he's a queer son-of-a gun yet.

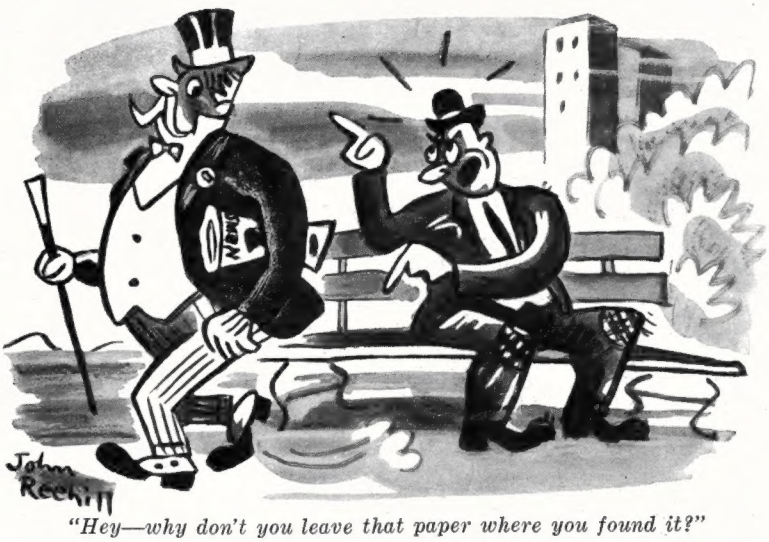
When we were kids together, Elmer was always different from the rest of the gang. When we played baseball, he'd be down at the library reading a book. If we went swimming, he'd take one dip and spend the rest of the afternoon lying around in the sun dreaming. Things like that. He'd do the same things we did, you see, but he'd do them differently.

Whenever I thought about Elmer as the years passed I imagined he'd become a poet or something like that. But I was wrong. I met Elmer the other day, and he's nothing more romantic than an insurance salesman.

But Elmer still does things differently. He still stands out from the crowd. For Elmer goes around paying cash for what he buys.

—DAVID MURRAY.

Tabloid Photographer—*Maybe the boss will raise my salary after this!*



"Hey—why don't you leave that paper where you found it?"

Career of a Newspaperman

EXCELS in English composition in high school. Works on school paper as reporter, sports writer, book reviewer and editor.

Continues literary activities at college. Acquires thorough grounding in classical and modern literature. Takes courses in journalism and short-story writing. Works diligently for college publication. Makes Phi Beta Kappa and graduates a B.S., M.A. Ph.D.

On leaving college, gets job with big daily. Spends years as reporter learning ropes as foundation for editorial work later on.

At last is given job on copy desk and writes first headline: Two Slain In Love-Nest.

—HENRY ALFREDS

And Working!

THE way things are now, even the boss's relatives are starting at the bottom.

And here we are sending our kids to school so they can learn to speak good English—and foreign movie stars are making fortunes because they can't.

The Democrats went into the red trying to elect a president in the boom year of 1928—so just imagine where they'll wind up this year!

If they have travel pictures of the United States in movie theatres in India, we suppose the natives are amused at scenes of our fakirs torturing themselves in telephone booths and lying on over-night camp matresses.

The new tax bill carries a high levy on such things as yachts and motorboats. It seems that Congress would rather tax what bootleggers buy than what they sell.

And if they decide to play through our neighborhood this Spring we certainly hope these street construction gangs will remember to replace their divots.

Benjamin Franklin wrote: "Only two things in this life are certain—death and taxes." What the taxpayer resents is that they don't come in that order.

Congressman—*I better give you the address of my fortune teller, Senator, she always gives me good advice on how to vote on difficult questions.*

JUDGING THE SPORTS

THE trouble with being a sportsman in America these days, especially around New York, is that it costs too much. Harsh words sez you but true nevertheless. Municipal golf links, for example, are few and far between. When you get on one it is for all the world like queueing up to witness the latest Chevalier opus. One of the most inspiring memories tucked away in my graying old head is that of the line waiting to tee off at Van Cortland Park Public links one early summer's morn around six a.m.

Inexpensive tennis seems to be unheard of. Central Park contains a few shoddy courts which supposedly cater to the needs of the Tilden minded millions. Country Clubs open up their portals upon payment of a grand and a rain check from the postponed sailing of the Mayflower. You pay real dough to go swimming at Coney and look at the risk you take of being hit by a crate of grape fruit rinds or an empty case of scotch from some dry Congressman's yacht. Maybe I'm getting a little too Bolshie over all this?

But out of this welter of blue notes rings a song of cheer. Taking the needs of the masses to heart I have done some fancy investigation on my own hook. I have unearthed a sport which I am sure will appeal to you all.

A little while back I visited my uncle down in Alabama, suh! Owing to the fact that my coat and pants matched I could plainly see that I was regarded by all hands as a pure specimen of "city slicker". This made it kind of hard at first, but class will tell and so the quaint souls thawed out enough to invite me on a hunting trip. Eager to sample real old fashioned Southern hospitality to the full, I assented.

LATE that night we set forth in mule carts, model T Fords, and what not. When we reached a large clearing in the woods the cavalcade halted. At this point uncle proved himself a prince among Nimrods by producing a gallon jug of corn likker. The assembled villagers then announced that the hunt was on. I must admit that, accustomed as I am to the stiff formality of the Fairfield Drag and the class consciousness of the Magdelen Beagles, I was in a bit of a twitter. Where was the hunt? What was the meaning of it all?

However, just then one of the lads loosed a pack of panting hound dawgs and quickly resumed his appointed place in the close circle around the jug of moonshine. This was a signal for a very open minded discussion of the Five Year Plan. Me, I never did give a hang about politics but time passed very quickly in one way or another. By and by we heard distant bayings.

"Gosh darn it," cracked a fat boy in the corner, who up to this moment had remained in silent contemplation of his tin cup. "That'll be Sally Lou. Blessed if that houn' aint treed a possum already!"

Other barkings, snifflings, yelpings and burblings were heard from the rest of the pack in quick succession. These were all amazingly recognized and identified by the dawg's owners, but nary a move was made to upstake and track down the quarry.

TOWARDS yawning the tired hounds crept back to camp. And so with empty demi-johns and hearts full of cheer we moosied back home, our voices ringing true and clear on the air to the strains of Moonlight Bay.

I find upon inquiry that this is a very general sport all over the South. Señor W. O. McGeehan mentions it

(Page 27, please)

Young Upstarts Defy Depression In Heart of City

THE Morgan crocuses are out!
Have they no sense of decency?
This is no year for them to flout
Their carefree stripes. It seems to me
They ought to shrink back in the earth
Through which they popped the other day.
What right have they to joyous birth
With all creation wan and gray?
They ought to shut up shop and wait
To flaunt their darling petals till
Some season more appropriate
For showing off on Murray Hill.
—MARGARET FISHBACK.

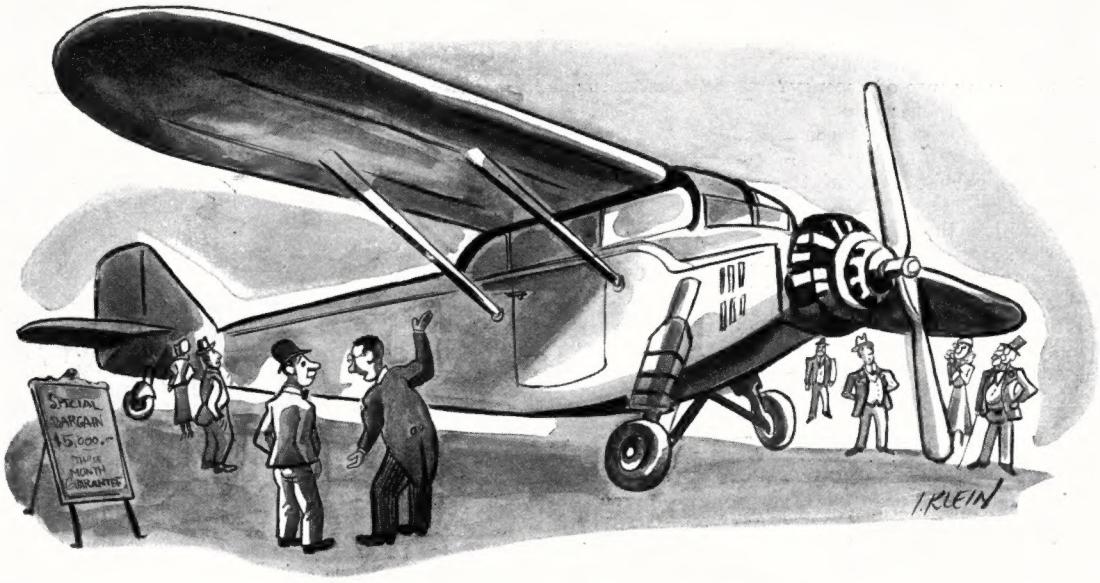
Sliced

A FEW years ago most business was done on the golf links, but lately it seems to have got off into the rough.

CULINARY DELIGHTS

Hotel Chef smacking his chops.

"Does this little bolt I've just picked up in the road there belong to either of you gentlemen?"



"Oh yes, we sell airplanes on time payments—if you make provisions for us in case you make an unhappy landing.

"Ask your wife if you can come out and play."

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE ATHLETE

By Rex Deane

DEAR POP:

Here we are barnstorming through the sticks and believe me I'm getting up on all these sleeper jumps. Circus life aint a bed of roses and especially with Percy in the same box car. What that alligator don't know about insomnia would fill a book and its getting hotter and hotter!

Remember that Palina dame I was telling you about? I dated her up in Brownsville and we went out to a chili joint after the show. "What do you do in the winter time, baby?" I asked her. "Oh in the winter I'm a Siamese twin," she cracks. Imagine a doll like that?

To make things worse she has a brother who is the bearded lady in the show and he has a system to beat the dice. When he sees I can go for his sister in a big way he drops around real often and always winds up by biting my ear for a sawbuck.

The wrassling angle has taken a turn for the worse and I'll tell you about it. I got a master of ceremonies who gets up and spiels a piece about Londos taking a run-out powder on me. Then he waves a roll of dough at the hicks. Five hundred bucks to the guy who can throw me in ten minutes! There is always some thick-necked farm boy in the house who wants to show off in front of the girl friend and so far it's been easy pickin's. But last week in Dallas, Tarzan Smith came into my life. I could tell from the way he strips when he jumps upon the stage that he is a ringer. As luck would have it I'd been eating a lot of chow mein for supper and I wasn't feeling any too good. In about two minutes this ape slugs me on the neck and wraps a strangle hold around me. I yelled at the ref but the poor chump thinks its all part of my act and yells, "Go to it, Perkins, you're a riot!"

Now we got ways of fixing these wise guys and so I rolls over to the back of the ring where Sam the prop man is waiting behind the canvas with a tent peg. The idea is for him to crack any guy who gets too tough. Its an old gag—John L. Sullivan used it in tank towns but it always was good. Sam the poor dope gets his signals switched and lets me have it right on the bean by mistake. When I came to this Tarzan bird was grabbing the dough and taking the air with one and the same motion.

THERE was at least twenty five ones in that roll to say nothing of the phoney ten spot they put on top as a come on. If it wasn't that Percy is packing them in, I guess he would have canned me.

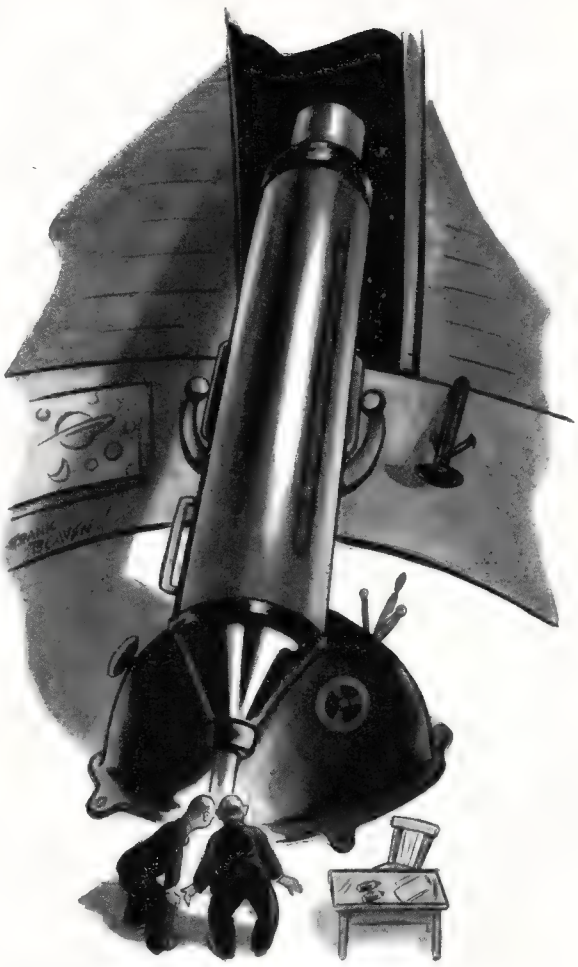
It wasn't long before Smith is backstage waving the bum dough and yellin' curses that I never even heard before. A couple of the Show dicks crowd around him and he soon cools down. The upshot of it was they give him fifty a week and let him stay with the Show.

And here is where I burn up. They got it figured out for this dope to throw me a couple of nights a week. The gag is for him to totter up on the stage all pale and dirty and then when I take the dive he collapses. This is the cue for Old Isaacs to come out and tell the audience that he finds out the poor guy is doing it all for the wife and kiddies who are starving. To top it all, Isaacs starts to pass the hat around to help him out and throws in a phoney twenty to start the ball rolling. On a good night they get an extra two or three hundred that way.

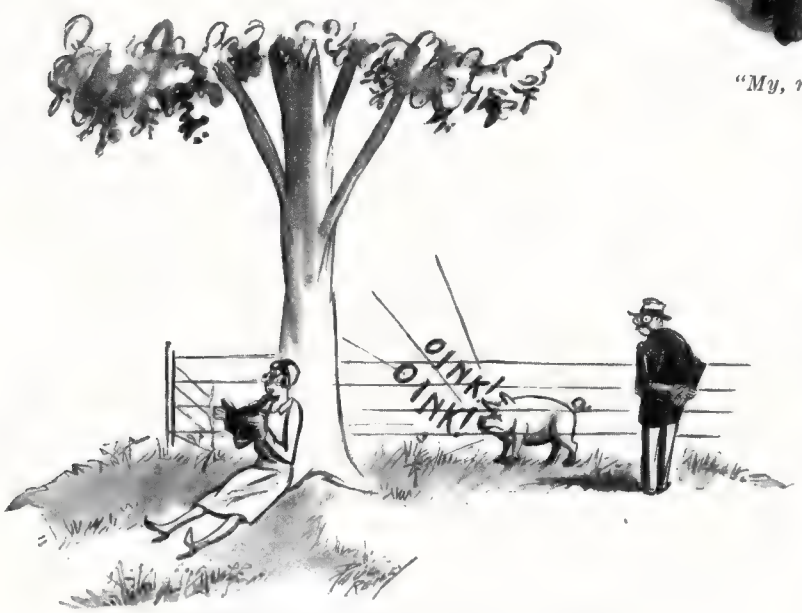
But I don't like the mug and hate taking the dive for him. I'll let you know how things are going. We hit El Paso next and then hop to the West Coast, where I think I'll breeze off from this outfit. At the rate while Percy is building up a rep for himself, there's no reason why I shouldn't promote my own show.

Keep smiling and lets here something about the business taking a turn for the good.

your son
Bull Perkins.



"My, my—those student pilots!"



"Wilbur, I wish you wouldn't make those disgusting noises!"

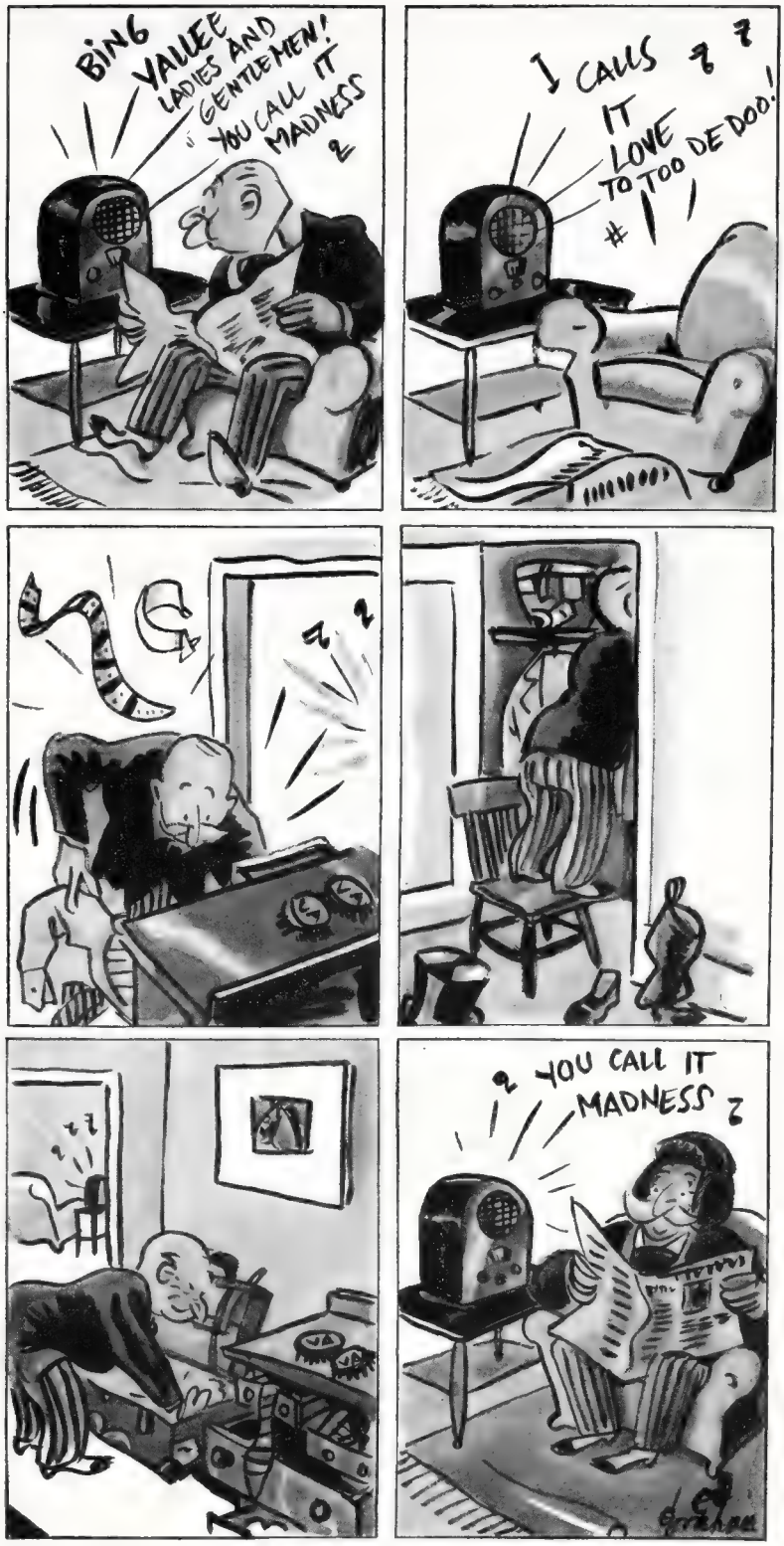
Criticism

The big difficulty with the shirts we get back from the laundry nowadays is that they fit the cardboard slab inside better than they do us.

Bascom Slemp has predicted that the Democrats will win only five states in November. Politician or not, that man was cut out to be an economic expert.

And even if a fellow writes a darned good prosperity song he's up against the problem of finding some one with enough money to put it on the market.

It begins to look as though the Shanghai war would go into extra innings.



Van Auk, Esq.

QUEERIES

Answered by Prof. Paul Showers (Successor to Prof. Williams)

Q. Is there any known instance of a party using a pay telephone and leaving the instrument without first feeling in the return coin box? —R. A. Eaton, New York City.

A.: Yes. Willard Pilch of Passaic, N. J., used a pay telephone for the first time in his life on July 9, 1922, in the Grand Central Station. Pilch, to whom the whole procedure was very new, is reported to have confused the return coin box with the transmitter and to have spoken into it during the entire telephone conversation. Upon leaving the phone booth, it was observed that he paused momentarily to feel about in the mouthpiece of the instrument.

Q. What do laundries do with all the buttons removed from customers' shirts?—E. E. Cook, University, Miss.

A.: Since much of a laundry's profit comes from this source, most up-to-date laundries have special Debuttoning machines. Small establishments hire young boys to pick the buttons off by hand. These boys are known as button-hookers. Buttons so collected are wrapped in cellophane containers and shipped to hotels and restaurants where they are used in mushroom soup. There is also a small retail market for these buttons as telephone slugs and collection-plate offerings.

Q. Is there any record of an overnight or week-end guest taking all of his belongings when he leaves? —B. K. Hickox, Verona, N. J.

A.: A Mrs. Lester Femish, prominent society matron, once invited a distant cousin on her mother's side to spend the week-end at her residence in Newport. The cousin, who had planned to leave early Monday morning, apparently altered his plans at the last moment and left some time during the night on Sunday, taking with him not only all of his own belongings but a number of Mrs. Femish's as well, among which were two rare old candlesticks, a small oriental rug, three diamond brooches, an emerald necklace, Mrs. Femish's chauffeur, and Mrs. Femish's daughter.

Professor Showers will pay $1 for all Queeries acceptable for answer in this department.

OUR OWN OLYMPICS
"The Tax Payers' Six-day Grind"

"Eenie, meenie, meinee mo—".

GAMES WE LOVE NOT TO PLAY

By Parke Cummings

LACROSSE

LACROSSE is the great spring game at many colleges nowadays, being exceeded in popularity only by golf, baseball, tennis, rowing, track, sciatica, and being called to the dean's office. It was invented by the North American Indians who also invented scalping, but as the Indian became civilized he abandoned lacrosse. It was, however, adopted by the white man who also adopted poison gas, submarines, and aerial warfare.

Lacrosse is played with twelve (or maybe it's fifteen) men on a side, and is played until they have all run themselves ragged or knocked each other's heads off. The implement supplied for this is an extremely heavy wooden bat strung with snowshoe strings. Players are also allowed to catch the ball in this webbing, but they are always too busy banging each other over the head. Which may explain why veteran lacrosse players so often make ideal Congressmen in later life.

Another interesting feature about this pastime is that there are no limits to the width of the field, an end run often progressing laterally clear over to the next county and sometimes into its jail. Needless to say, it requires a great deal of wind to play this game—this also goes to substantiate what we said about Congressmen. Lacrosse players wear heavy caps like polo players, but it's more fun to be kicked in the head by a horse than clubbed by a lacrosse bat. In the former case there's the consolation that the horse didn't really mean it.

Lacrosse, like ice hockey, is played by practically everybody in Canada, so if the Dominion ever starts to secede from the British Empire, it's a good 2-1 bet that England won't try to put up any serious resistance. It would even be straining our courage to live in Lacrosse, Wisconsin.

"Mind your horse, Mister?"

"In this inscription the Queen of Sheba was wondering what to do about a shiny nose."

Right!

Automotive engineers have found ways to silence everything about the new models except the passenger who always knows you should have taken the left-hand road about ten miles back.

Congress has put a tax on matches and a friend of ours suddenly stopped being superstitious about lighting three cigarets with one match.

Judge's News Tips On Television

By **Dana Cotie**

"MOANING" Tommy Tralee, feature singer of the Brickhouse Coffee Hour over Station Q6VXZ, postponed his appearance last Monday evening owing to static about the eyes and nose which he received in an altercation with his manager.

Senator Augustus Hupper has repudiated his first television broadcast of several weeks ago, after being informed by friends that although his speech on the tariff was excellent, his features were frightfully distorted during transmission through the air. The Senator has instructed his attorney to file suit against Station C4XZL for defamation of countenance.

Television fans who tune in on Station Z7XZW next Monday afternoon at 4:30, will have the pleasure of witnessing Mayer Walker's arrival for the day's work at New York City Hall.

Broadcasting the photo of George Flynn, wanted by the Omaha police for safe-blowing, over Television Station V5VLOX recently, has resulted in the arrest of 371 private detectives in all parts of the country, according to reports received at Omaha Police Headquarters.

Graham MacNafee will announce during the televising of the opening match of the Long Island Ping-Pong Club season next week at Forest Hills Stadium. Mr. MacNafee will be assisted by four prompters and a diction expert, brought here for the occasion from Harvard.

The Kansas Valley Purity League is sponsoring a bill before the present Congress forbidding the advertising of lingerie by television.

"Hey you—thats our *advantage now!"*

JUDGE ON THE BENCH

Thinking People

DURING the late unpleasantness (many months late) over balancing the budget, a good deal was heard about the disgust of "thinking people" with the performance in the House. After the rejection of the sales tax and the increases in inheritance and income taxes, "thinking people," self-styled, jumped at conclusions and began to gabble about "reckless disregard of sound principles of public finance."

That House wasn't running wild at all. It was doing, boisterously but shrewdly nevertheless, the very job that it was created to do. It was representing the plain folks. Because its leaders thrust at it a tax measure that would have piled a cruel burden on backs unable to bear more, it ditched its leaders and cried, "Now what are you going to do about it?"

The proponents of the sales tax were not thinking people. They were unthinking, and recklessly so. It is the common people who are doing the hard thinking. They have to.

Although we are at a crisis when the budget must be balanced and taxes must be raised for revenue, that can not obscure the historical truth that taxation has also a social purpose. What we are in for, and the real thinking people know it, is the wider redistribution of wealth, partly through taxation. The question is not whether the redistribution is to take place. The only question is how much is to be done by taxation, and how much by more drastic means.

"Soaking the rich" is a phrase which over-simplifies a very complex process. All the revenue needed can't be had by taxing the rich. They haven't enough. Everybody has got to pay more. But Congress has the right idea in stiffening the income and estate taxes. Even the new income tax rates are lower than the British pay. A man with $50,000 income in England pays more than two and a half times as much income tax as he would pay here. As for the twaddle about inheritance taxes confiscating the nest-egg that a man has saved up for his family—an estate of $60,000 would pay less than $100 in federal tax under the new rates, and an estate of a million would pay less than $125,000. We haven't yet begun to tax inheritances as they should be taxed.

It is argued that higher taxes will drive capital out of productive enterprise. How seriously have we considered the fact that too much capital has been going into competitive enterprise and over-production?

Alexander D. Noyes, financial editor of the *New York Times*, points out that we are now in the fifth stage of the depression, a stage marked by "lassitude and apathy." He says, "The question arises constantly, why is there not some turn for the better in the consuming markets, even if it should be only temporary?" While the experts have been discussing "flights of capital," the people have been trudging away in a grim and weary flight from consumption. When they heard the sales tax rumbling behind them, they let out a howl so loud that their representatives could not choose but heed. For they well knew that the sales tax would further cut down their scanty purchasing power.

The basic fact about this depression is that there are eight to ten million workers with no work, and therefore with no means to consume of their own volition. They are of course consuming a bare minimum, because we can't quite make up our minds to let them starve and be done with it. We accept them as public charges and feed, house and clothe them as such. A sensible government would see that they might as well be put to work for their keep. It would put them on the roads and structures that need to be built, on the hillsides that need reforestation, on a thousand constructive jobs that would repay their costs within a generation. No one of them would add to the glut of manufactured goods that has been piled up through our solicitude for invested capital.

Until now, millions unwillingly idle have been supported largely by private charity. There is going to be very little private charity left next winter. What are the alternatives? One is darkly hinted at by the British preacher who asked, "If a man can break the law to get beer now, I wonder if next winter he can break the law to get bread?" Another alternative is the government dole, which would mean taxation on such a scale as we have not yet dreamed of. The third is a vast program of public works, supported by bond issues.

The extraordinary thing is that anybody should think we can dodge these alternatives by coddling capital, juggling credit, kidding private business and glorifying individualism. When the argument really begins, the recent row about taxation will seem like a tea-party without cocktails. We believe that it will then appear that the tax revolt was but the first mild expression of the real thinking that the real people of this country have been doing.

R. J. W.

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

"We couldn't find the life net, chief!"

Acme New Improved Fumbler

By **Travis Hoke**

ALTHOUGH this circular is addressed primarily to the many thousands of satisfied customers who bought the Original Fumbler and would not be without one any time they have a baby, it will be no doubt read by others not familiar with the Fumbler on account of they have not had a baby up to now or do not know anybody who has one, so I will describe the New Improved Fumbler for same. The veteran parents who have the original Fumbler, they can see where I have improved it in this model.

The Acme Fumbler was invented by me so that parents could keep up with the march of progress in every way. In the old days all babies were fumbled by hand. A parent or their friends would clutch its stomach and say, "Cootchie Coo," or "Kootchie Koo," as it is sometimes spelled, in a high voice. This kind of fumbling was old fashioned and unhygienic. Modern science did not approve of it. So I invented an automatic fumbler that was also hygienic. It is endorsed by physicians.

IT is something like the clutchers that grab up dirt where buildings are going to be or that puts rocks on barges for colored people to yell and wave their hands at, only smaller. The arm works up and down at any speed desired up to 30 times per minute. At the bottom or Fumbling end is the hygienic substitute for the human hand. It is a rubber thing like the rubber funnel you use to unstop kitchen sinks that you have poured too much coffee grounds into, or other places. So this rubber clutcher comes down, grabs the baby's stomach, shakes from side to side and then goes back up, imitating the effect of a hand.

I also provided a phonograph attachment which I fixed so that every time the clutcher reached the stomach the phonograph said "Cootchie Coo" in a high voice of either sex.

So I solved a problem which the old hand fumbling could never meet. This Fumbler gave satisfaction to thousands, but now, after much work and research, I have made up some improvements that really perfect it. First, I realized that the original clutcher was not the perfect substitute for the human hand. By constant contact with the stomach it grew warm, and it could not be kept clammy enough to resemble the hands that baby's stomachs are used to being fumbled by. So now I have devised a small electric ice box attachment that you plug in and keep a supply of clams in, and I have made the Fumbler arm hollow, and on each up stroke a clam drops into the arm and drops down to the rubber clutcher where of course it comes in contact with the baby's stomach, so that with the Improved Fumbler the fumbling is cold and clammy all the time. Also, the same clams may be used repeatedly by replacing in ice box now and then.

But the other improvement is important too. All sincere parents want to bring up their children right and to talk right so as not to say "Cantcha" and "Dontcha," so I have had new records made by the most refined and popular radio announcers of both sexes, and these new records don't say "Cootchie Coo" but teach the baby from the beginning to talk right because the new records say "Cootyie Coo."

So that is what the Acme New Improved Fumbler is like, and I should add that it is still made of the best materials and will last the average parent's life time or money back. The motive power, as before, is steam which is made by burning gas logs under the Fumbler boiler, and a Fumbler uses on the average only about a cord a month, unless there are twins.

IN order to introduce my Acme New Improved Fumbler to either parents who now operate the original model or never had one, I am making a special combination offer for this month only: My Parents' Outfit Number 3M, consisting of 1 Acme New Improved Fumbler, complete with steam gauge and whistle and fully adjustable; 1 Phonograph; Choice of 3 records of any sex; 1 Ice Box; 1 Cord gas logs; 1 Doz. Little Neck clams. And also 1 Acme Pacifying Mallet and pair Sleeve Bands to match. Cape Cod clams extra. Packed in neat leatherette gift box, with book of instructions. Shipping weight 236 lbs.

Thanking old and new customers for the patronage,

Respectfully,
ACME PARENTS SUPPLY CO.
per *Thoke*

"I'll be right back dear . . . . . I just rented the suit 'til twelve o'clock."

Aviator—*Hooray! Here comes a customer!*

THE THEATRE

of George Jean Nathan

THE idea, cherished by a variety of benighted souls, that nothing is so close to the heart of a critic as a particularly odoriferous play, since it gives him a wonderful opportunity to wax humorous, is hardly what it is cracked up to be. If there were anything in it, considering the odor of most of the plays shown hereabouts since the middle of March, Mark Twain—when compared with the local critics—would promptly find himself dismissed as a lugubrious bum. If a critic is obsessed by an itch to be a comical fellow, it is not, as the aforementioned benighted souls imagine, the admitted garbagespiel that offers him succulent meat, but rather the kind of play that makes something of an impression on the neighborhood intellectuals and that, he pleases himself to believe, is, so far as his own superior mental and analytical cunning goes, a cargo of Schmierkäse.

The excessively bad play not only doesn't provide material for critical humor; it doesn't provide material for anything. That is why it is generally the custom of this department —a custom based upon unavoidable necessity—to get out of the business of saying anything more about such things than the single word *tripe*. If you still think that a play that smells to heaven is juicy with the possibilities of rich jocosity, I ask you to consider, for example, the one called "Angels Don't Kiss", by someone signing himself R. B. Lackey, which was briefly dumped onto a local stage a few weeks ago and which was just about as graveolent a dramatic specimen as the human nose, drunk or sober, can conceive.

This splendiferous pail of drool was itself so unintentionally funny that trying to extract any further critical fun out of it would be like sneezing at someone who already had a terrible cold. No critic, however plentifully endowed with the comic gift, could hope to be half the master of the horselaugh that its own property man was when, called upon during its second act seriously to imitate an ominous rumble of thunder offstage, he proceeded to give a base-drum one terrific wallop, followed it up with another and equally terrific wallop and then, doubtless deeply impressed with his orchestral talent, continued the performance, somewhat to the bewilderment and dismay of the actors and the audience, with several fancily executed measures from "Tod und Verklärung". Nor could any critic, even possessed of the comedic resources of a whole troupe of Grocks, Robeys and Durantes, hope to surpass in low festivity such elements in the show itself as the author who bestowed upon himself the leading rôle in it and who offered himself as an irresistible eleganto to whom most women were so much mincemeat, as the scene wherein a dunce of a boy was soberly commissioned by the hero to act for him in an important conference on a difficult engineering matter, and as such other episodes wherein the heroine shudderingly apprised her spouse that she had not felt the same towards him since "the horrors of her wedding night" and wherein, when subsequently he kissed her passionately, she shrank in foul disgust from his embrace and cried out her loathing of "that kind of kiss".

At this point, I wish to declare a brief recess and ask a question. It is thirty-five years now that I have been going to the theatre and hearing heroines shudderingly apprise their spouses that they have not felt the same towards them because of that same something dreadful that occurred on their bridal night and seeing the heroines shrink back in foul disgust when they are given "that kind of kiss", and this boy wants to know what it's all about. Just what is it that was so awful on their wedding nights and just what is there about those kisses that so horrify them? In an attempt to get the facts, I have during the thirty-five years in point made inquiries among no less than three thousand married ladies of my acquaintance and they haven't been of the slightest help to me, as all of them, asked about "that something dreadful" and "that kind of kiss", have simply replied that both seemed to them to be something pretty grand. In my perplexity, I accordingly offer out of my depleted resources two prizes of $350,000 each for the most satisfactory answers.

* * *

ANOTHER colored show lately turned up in our midst. This one was called "Blackberries of 1932" and it was just as sour as most of the jet shows that have been displayed hereabouts in the last three years. In that period, indeed, only Lew Leslie's "Rhapsody in Black" has had any merit of any kind. The rest of these fuliginous exhibits, like the coons in the popular song of twenty years ago, have all looked exactly alike. And "Blackberries of 1932", in turn, looks just the same. The same chorus numbers, the same clog dancers, the same skits and the same humor are in all of them. It's time to declare a moratorium.

The trouble with these black music show performers and with the Negroes who manufacture their material for them seems to be that they are able to do one thing fairly well and that they keep on repeating that one thing endlessly. They have no variety, no imagination and no flexibility of talent. In the beginning, in the shows called "Shuffle Along," "Liza" and "Blackbirds", novelty sufficed to keep the ball rolling for a spell. But that novelty has for some time been worn out and all that remains is the same old stuff, grown flat, dismally stale and very tiresome. As one of the earliest whoopers-up of

(Pages 32, please)

"LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS"
WHAT ARE YOU DOING — EATING IN AN AUTOMAT?!
MY BROKER PUT ME ON A DIET!!
FACE THE MUSIC
DO YOU LIKE WIMMEN WHO TALK A LOT OR THE OTHER SORT?
WHAT OTHER SORT?!
TALKIES
WELL-WELL — I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN TWO YEARS!!!
THAT'S GOOD OF YOU
KEITH'S
WERE YOU NERVOUS DURING THE CEREMONY?
ONLY UNTIL HE SAID "I DO!"
LOU HOLTZ REVUE
AN' THEN THERE'S MY OWN ABOUT THE SCOTCHMAN WHO BECAME A COUNTERFEITER AND ONLY MADE PENNIES!
JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Everything Changes

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
It was a fine old country place,
With smooth and spacious lawn;
We've put a hot dog stand there since,
The highway is concrete,
And our old maple has a sign
That reads: "Stop Here and Eat."

I remember, I remember
The house that we called home,
It is a lodging place these days
For motorists who roam;
A sign reads: "Tourists taken in,
One buck a night a head;"
It's been nigh onto twenty years
Since I've slept in my bed.

—R. C. O'BRIEN

Seasonal

AND if we ever have any leisure moments we're going to sit down and design a set of slip-covers for men's golf suits.

Give some motorists an inch and they'll take a fender.

Deaf Mute—*Ask her if she's got a sister?*

Advice to Professionals

(Who haven't asked for it)

TO: The Hairdresser.

Adopt the following as your Four Commandments: Haircut, Shampoo, Wave, and Manicure. Fight to the death for them, with every customer. Remember that no woman has enough confidence in her looks to dispute you indefinitely.

Keep an air of aloof superiority about you. Women have no respect whatsoever for professionals with manners or politeness. Never make the mistake of asking them what they want—Tell Them.

If a customer says, "My hair is too dry for soap," counter instantly with, "Our Special Hot Oil Rub is the answer." If she says, "My hair is too oily for any Oil Shampoo," you've still got her lashed to the mast with, "Our Soapless Shampoo was perfected for you alone, madam."

Develop the Rinse. It is still in its infancy as a pelf-producer. Don't let it stop with Lemon, Vinegar, Vegetable, and Henna. A little thought will suggest some such novelties as "Sumac" or "Avocado."

Instruct your apprentices to trim off just enough of each permanent wave so that it will founder within a fortnight and require a new one. This is important, because a lot of women has the idea that a permanent wave actually *is* permanent.

—STANLEY JONES

Back and Forth

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S cabinet is known in history as the Tennis Cabinet. President Hoover's will probably be known as the Ping Pong Cabinet.

Another thing that makes Mr. Hoover an outstanding man in this country is the fact that he still has a job.

Then there's the woman who says she still goes through her husband's pockets every night just to keep in practice.

And one way you can make a farmer ridiculously happy on this question of farm relief is to tell him that Congress isn't contemplating any.

And when it comes to fighting in the clinches, nothing can beat a picnic wasp.

"Naw, the pie ain't homemade, but the gin is."

"Good Lord! We're going to crash! Everybody remember their cards!"

"Peace, peace! . . . . . What's this talk about peace!! Why, we haven't even declared war yet!!!"

"Don't forget, dear, to bring home the divots to patch up our lawn."

HIGH HAT

Mental Hihattainment

1. Who are the Duke of Toledo? Baron Renfrew? The Count of Mainau?

2. Which of the following are in a common difficulty: H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, Herbert Hoover, Calvin Coolidge, Babe Ruth and Pope Pius XI?

3. Name the three public enemies most menacing to American womanhood?

4. Who said "The trouble with you, Mr. Goldwyn, is you're interested in Art; and I'm interested in money!" "I like marmalade, Botticelli makes me sick." "I know, I opened it!" "Your eyes shine like the pants of a blue serge suit." "I'll be as true to you as a $2 cornet." "It's a long time between drinks." "I only want a little butter for my bread."

5. Unscramble and identify the following: "Who passes at girls never make glasses men wear."

6. Who invented lacrosse?

7. Who are Mr. Salteena? Lavinia Mannon? The Cavendishes? Major Hoople? Caspar Milquetoast? Van Auk, Esq? Prince Mishkin? Jeeves? Bertram Wooster? Lieut. Pinkerton?

8. What's wrong with the following statements: "I say it's spinach and the hell with it." "Buddy Rogers is married and plays almost every jazzband instrument." "Baleen is an Irish dish." "A cayman is a Tibetan chieftain."

9. With what are the following associated: Shoe Shame. Pink Tooth Brush. If?

10. As for radio: Who are the Mills Bros.? The Mighty Monarch of the Gaspipe Organ? Mrs. Pennyfeather? The Aces?

11. Who are or were Willard Huntington Wright? Harold Bell Wright? J. Orville Harrold? Orville and Wilbur Wright? Cyrus H. K. Curtis? Cyrus West Field? Fielding Yost? Henry Fielding? Henry James? James James Morrison Morrison?

12. Is London north or south of Montreal?

13. What are the ingredients of the Clover Club?

14. What fruit may be said to have had the greatest influence on history?

15. What are Iron Men, Iron Hats, The Iron Maiden, the Iron Horse, the Iron Fireman, The Iron Age, and the Iron Chancellor?

16. Who has long ears, pitches outcurves and practices polygamy?

17. Translate into English: The hot squat. The old oil. Chill the rap. Winter book. Faites vos jeux, messieurs. Sholom aleicham.

18. What American celebrity has been photographed in a sheet?

19. What recent costume play with an invalid for a heroine kept Broadway entertained for nearly two years?

20. Within two years what are the ages of Mussolini? F. Scott Fitzgerald? John D. Rockefeller, Jr.? Herbert Hoover? Mary Pickford? John Barrymore?

(*Answers on page 31*)

The Price of Folly

WITH the dust settling on the bluewater Caribbean cruises and the Mediterranean, European and World ship jaunts about to start, I have good news for you. After patient and exacting research, I am able to release a handy index of figures, telling you exactly how much you may expect to drop on a moderate day's elbow bending while afloat.

I obtained my information curiously. Not being available myself, I selected a pleasant young proxy, known for his hollow but sturdy legs; equipped him with financial crate-blanche (his own); warned him he was serving science and not let things go to his head.

On his 21-day exposure he averaged a daily total of $8.45, with a rather grand total of $177.45 for the voyage. He didn't go ashore—not because he was not able to—but merely to give his research more authority. (He was not one to shirk duty, no matter how unpleasant, the stout fellah!) Havana shore excursions can knock a daily average out of sight. Further, he gave no score-shattering gay parties for pretty slippered things aboard.

The daily grind: Suffering from some sort of sinking spell in the morning, two Three Star flips were needed to straighten *that* out. After a husky breakfast (and an hour's wait, children) he took a dip in the pool or a brisk whirl in the ship's gym. He found either activity

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JUDGING THE MOVIES

By PARE LORENTZ

THERE were two knick-knacks this week sent in to replace the decaying prints on the screens of the city. You've seen something like both of them before. "Disorderly Conduct" is another ingenious effort to twist through the censors, the Republican secretariat and the Hays office right to the hearts of the customers. It deals, of course, with gangsters and it has the sharp young man who gave "The Last Mile" such authority, one Spencer Tracy.

Tracy is everything the picture itself should have been. He is honest, tough, and he makes you almost believe in the disillusioned motorcycle cop (sic) he is supposed to be. However, the story wavers in its course. Obviously, it is an old and true enough story. A motorcycle cop gives a socially prominent young lady a ticket. He is promptly sent to pounding the sidewalks and, naturally annoyed, he turns to racketeers for extra income. You don't have to look further than the nearest speakeasy (which, in this case, is one block down and ask for Charlie) for evidence that flatfeet are not just simple guardians of the law, that they are, in fact, as much in the pay of the Torrio's and Pisanos and Maddens as they are of the citizenry's so-called government.

YOU can say, what of it? and dismiss the picture completely, but there is ample room for melodrama in the situation. As I have perhaps too often said before, "The Racket" was the first and best dramatization of the policeman's lot in present day government. I do not feel that the story can not be done again, but it is silly, in the light of present day scandals, for any movie company to shy from the censors. True, the scissor experts are concerning themselves these days with politics more than sex. They don't care what happens to the lillies of the screen so long as the politicians are not smeared with mud. In the face of it, their stand is hopeless.

Hardly a picture comes from the West that does not deal with lawbreaking in some form or other. The gangster picture may be stale but it hardly ever is a flop and the producers are not going to film Little Red Riding Hood just because Mr. Hays and a few committeemen feel that such melodramas tend to undermine confidence in Mr. Hoover's administration. If you undermined public confidence any deeper you'd be in China. Nobody, not even the harassed executive himself, has any confidence in Mr. Hoover these days, and a few jibes on the screen mean nothing more or less except a monotonous reiteration of street-corner sentiments.

TRACY belies the weazling of "Disorderly Conduct." You know, regardless of the emasculated story, that once let down by his superiors he would turn to racketeering with gusto and success and probably end his days in luxurious pent-house Tammany society. The fact that the story was chocked full of arguments for honesty and right-thinking will not fool an audience, will not impress them at all except to bore them. Such clumsy, obvious stuff does no good whatsoever. In this case it does quite a bit of harm. It bogs a clean-cut, straight-away story and makes it worth little to the public or to the theatre owner. At best the story is interesting, if old, melodrama. As it is, except for Tracy's manful work, "Disorderly Conduct" is not even good melodrama. Everybody loses.

The producers may as well reconcile themselves to censor cuts unless they can get up the courage to spend Mr. Hays' salary on an honest court fight, presenting evidence of double-dealing which they must possess, and wiping out the old ladies for good.

Reconciled or not, even the producers can't stop their writers from constantly transgressing the censor's boundaries. A majority of the present day scenario writers are newspaper men. Even the talented ones have a limited repertoire. They know police courts, judges, cops, and murderers. They're going to write about political life because it is easier and because such writing, because of its authority, has produced successful movies. Why, then, shy from their honesty? Unless the picture has some violence, it is a flop. The most honest performances, i.e., "The Racket" "Little Caeser" and "The Public Enemy" have made the most money. Why worry about the censors? After all, they can't ban every picture they get their hands on. Turn these police reporters lose and see what happens. One thing, I know, would happen. All shows like "Disorderly Conduct" would be better, and a great deal more profitable.

COMEDIANS are in great demand just now, as they most certainly should be, but once established, director writers and, particularly producers, seem to feel they ought to be turned loose in pictures like so many clowns rushing into a circus ring to entertain the customers while the acrobats take time out to crack jokes.

You can almost see what happened around the studio during "Misleading Lady." The executives reasoned, or should be so reasoning by now, that Claudette Colbert long since has stopped condescending to work for audiences and that the said audiences are registering their approval by assiduously avoiding Mlle. Col-

(*Page 27, please*)

Recommended

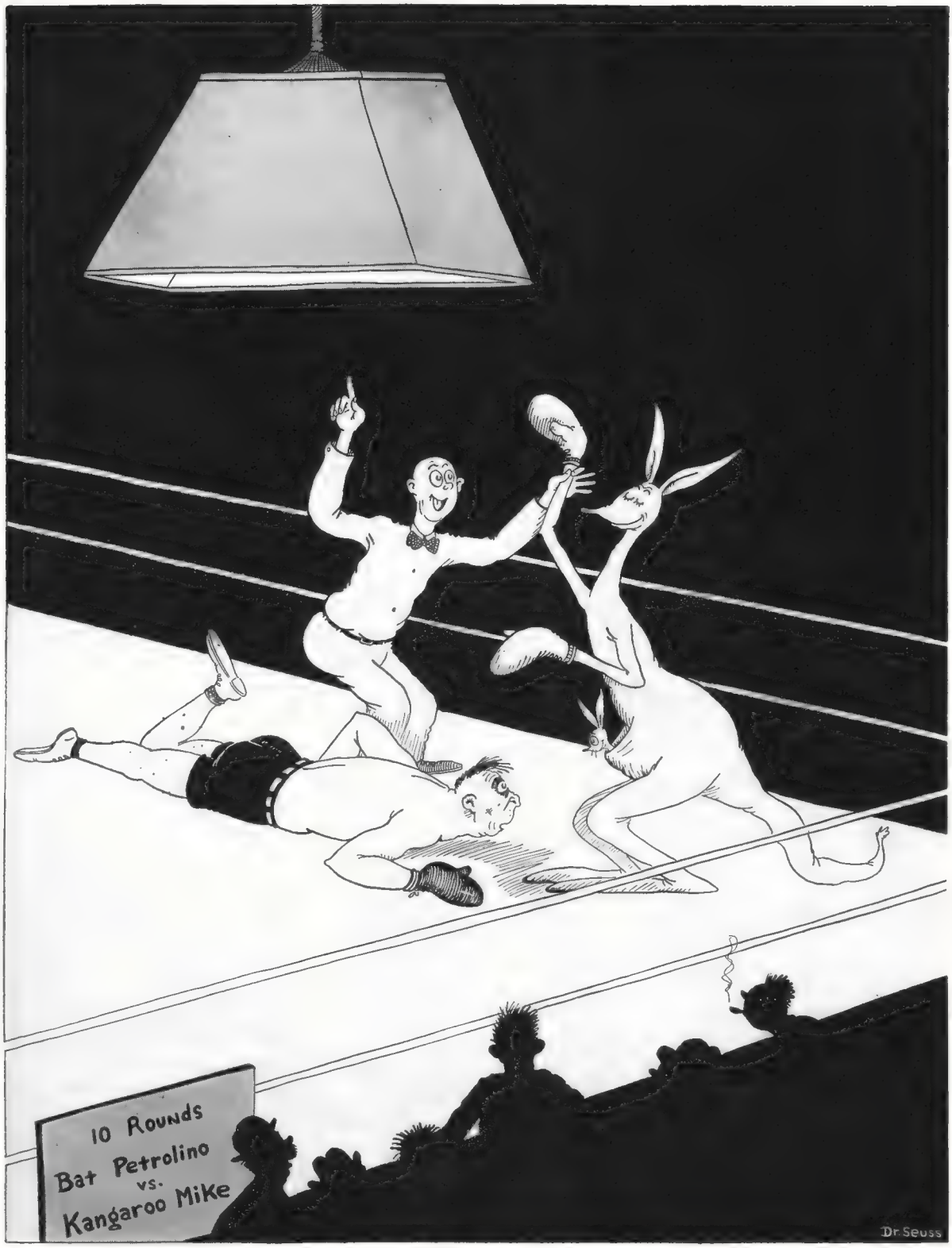
"Arrowsmith." For some skillful acting by Miss Hays, Mr. Anson and Mr. Bennett.

"The Crowd Roars." A careless, rapid job, with some good racing pictures to off-set the usual Cagney plot.

"High Pressure." Excellent farce, ably directed, and well worth your time.

"One Hour With You." Chevalier, Roland Young, and most important, Ernst Lubitsch, combining on a good revue.

"Shanghai Express." Just for the pictures.



So you're the____who fouled me!"

JUDGING THE BOOKS

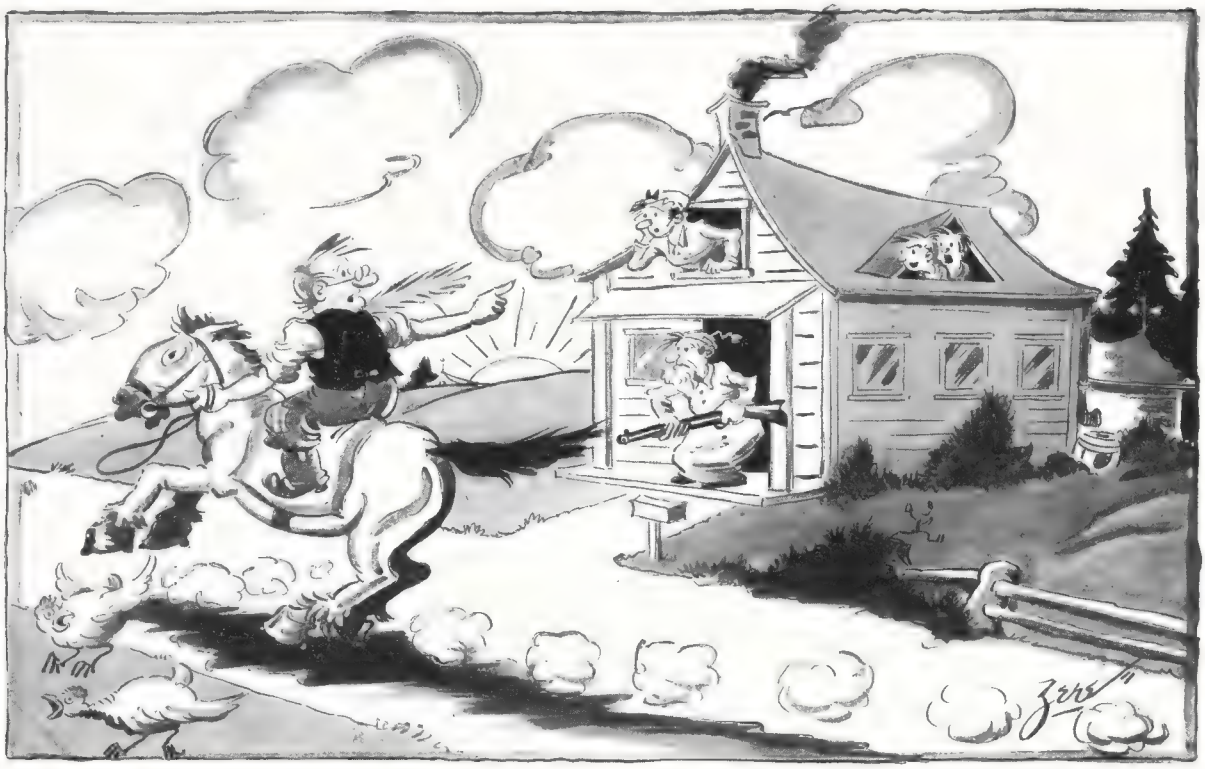
SINCE the average life of a book nowadays is about 90 days, they do say it definitely marks a person who announces in the very best circles that he is just reading and enjoying yesterday's best seller. Sure as earth, some brilliant young snoot will up and say quite fridigairily "Oh! are *you* just getting around to *that!*" As for a semi-pro book reviewer suddenly to announce in print the same fact about a book five months old—it is not only inexcusable but a crime punishable only by sentencing him to witness twenty consecutive performances of a Ziegfeld opera.

But such are the facts and we plead guilty. The book is "Return to Yesterday" by Ford Madox Ford, published in January, and all we can say in defense is that we have just one pair of eyes, one lame brain and the hell with you if you are a brilliant young snoot. Besides we are reading for the ages and the ages are a long, long time. Also Mr. Ford's book is not one to be gobbled up and hurriedly digested for the next discussion at the next weekly Tuesday Pickle and Literary Society meeting. It is the leisurely, informal, magnificent autobiography of Mr. Ford's life in letters, a life that covers two important literary generations and includes people like Conrad, Crane and Henry James. Like one of those curtains portraying the town's celebrities with which they sometimes raise the second acts of smart musical shows, you can't take it all in in a few sparse minutes. You ought to be allowed to take it home and study it over. Now go ahead and sentence us.

ANOTHER book we'd like to sneak in a small late appreciation for is Robt. E. Burns' "I Am a Fugitive from the Georgia Chain Gang." If you want a true running account of an ironic working of justice (Ah! Justice!) and a picture of some modern prison tortures that would shame an inquisitor, this should make your heart beat for the very misfortunate Mr. Burns.

As for horror more on the imaginative side, we heartily whoop up Dorothy Sayer's "Second Omnibus of Crime"; and "The Supernatural Omnibus." Both are wrist-breaking jumbos, and quite a muckel for your two-fifty. As for "Yu'an Hee See Laughs" hot from the tripewriter of Sax Rohmer, Tled Shlane hee say nluts.

WHY the Macfadden hasn't found his way into the pages of a mighty novel of olympian bunk we wouldn't know. Aside from a few non-conclusive melodramatic smacks at his life-work as expressed in the tabloids, the page is blank, waiting for some Dreiser to come along and crowd the magnificent Body Builder onto it. Now one Georgette Carneal has produced "The Great Day," supposedly a pretty tight sardonic picture of the Macfadden factory and a side-view of what takes place in the private lives of the slob-sisters and brothers who work for the mighty muscle-man. An important idea, no doubt, but after an unusually good start, one that peters out, despite a lot of tricks, such as reproducing pages and pictures from tabloids themselves, to jazz things up at the end. Why don't you take a whack at it Mr. Lewis and help make us an Influence. —TED SHANE



"Hey, Abner! The motorists are comin'!"

SPORTS

(Continued from page 6)

in the course of his peregrinations, and I believe that uncle Wilbert Robinson, late mentor of "Them Brooklyn Dodgers," is also a devotee. He should be, he has the physique and doubtless can acquire the thirst.

I dare say most New Yorkers wouldn't think much of this sport. What with the taxicabs and the popping of speakeasy corks they'd never hear their houn' dawg if it treed a dry agent over in Brooklyn or Queens. —R.D.

MOVIES

(Continued from page 24)

bert's performances. Thus, they reasoned, the only thing to do with "Misleading Lady" is to make it funny.

We could suggest several other things they might have done with the story, but that isn't what we're here for.

Meditating gloomily upon the prospects of having near-riots in the streets over the news that Mr. Lowe and Miss Colbert were to lend their services to this picture, the executives decided to give a Mr. Stuart Erwin, whose name has begun to mean more and more to the customers, a leading part in the show.

This Mr. Erwin is a comedian, and a good one. At least, I think he is a good one. You can't tell from his work in "Misleading Lady" because that work is so palpably sales relief. In a story that is supposed to be serious, suddenly we have Mr. Erwin playing an escaped lunatic. I for one, would be perfectly willing to believe that the plot is entirely farce, that the whole thing was meant to be funny. It wasn't, and that's the catch. It is too much to suppose that one comic, with an idiotic part, can not only amuse the customers, but keep a picture intact.

In their anxiety to get mother, father and the maid into the theatres, the producers do neither one thing nor the other. Good comedians are rare and good comedy is rarer. There isn't any such thing as comic relief. If a picture is a melodrama, then why turn a comedian loose like a trained seal to perform a few perfunctory but irrelevant tricks? And if a comedian is as good as we think Mr. Erwin to be, why not write a comedy, give him the lead, and let it go at that?

ST. LOUIS

TRANSPORTATION CROSSROADS OF AMERICA

"The city surrounded by the United States" . . . Almost half the population of the country resides within a 500 mile radius of this city and almost half the Class 1 railway mileage of the United States originates or terminates at St. Louis . . . Terminal facilities provide the fastest interchange of merchandise cars ...No change of stations is necessary in this gateway city, the most logical between the north and east and the south and southwest.

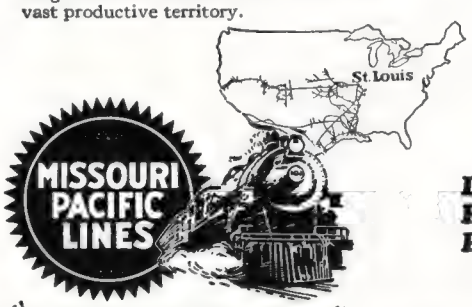
ST. LOUIS IS THE HOME OF

The Lindbergh Trophies ⁄ Shaw's Garden Municipal Opera ⁄ Symphony Orchestra ⁄ National Dairy, Horse and Hereford Shows ⁄ World's Champion Cardinals ⁄ Forest Park ⁄ One of the finest zoological collections in America ⁄ Some of the largest producing shoe factories in the country ⁄ World-famed chemical and light beverage plants

And of the

MISSOURI PACIFIC LINES

It is the starting point of the famous Scenic Limited, Sunshine Special, Texan and Southerner routes to Kansas City, Colorado, the Pacific Coast, Memphis, New Orleans, the Gulf Coast Country, Mexico, Texas Cities, Arizona and Southern California, with unexcelled freight service via these routes to this vast productive territory.



Dependable Freight and Passenger Service

"A SERVICE INSTITUTION"

MISSOURI PACIFIC STAGES

AUXILIARY TO MISSOURI PACIFIC LINES

IN BOSTON
The Hotel Kenmore
Your distinctive Boston Address
400 Luxurious Rooms—each with Bath
—Tub-Shower

Commonwealth
Avenue at
Kenmore
Square
C. P. Dodson
President

JUDGE PAYS $10
For each Cross Word Puzzle accepted
from its readers.

DETROIT'S
FINEST UPTOWN HOTEL
is near the General
Motors, Fisher and New
Center Buildings, also
automobile plants.
A courteous thoughtful staff.
Excellent Cuisine.
Luxurious rooms at $3.00 per day.
THE
Abington
at 700 SEWARD

YOUR BRIDGE AND MINE

By Sidney S. Lenz

Mr. Lenz has held, fourteen times, the National and International Bridge and Whist Championships. Those who follow this department of Judge will understand why the late Wilbur C. Whitehead said: "Sidney Lenz is undoubtedly the most remarkable card player the world has ever known."

Mr. Lenz will welcome correspondence from Judge readers and will give advice and answer questions related to Auction and Contract provided correspondents send stamped, addressed envelopes for reply.

THE so-called "psychic bid," at Bridge and the "bluff" at Poker is very much alike.

The principal difference is that at Poker, the bluffer goes it alone, while at Bridge, team-work between partners is needed for successful operation. When this team-work is too perfect there is always a suspicion that everything is not on the up and up. It is unethical and unsportsmanlike to have conventions or understandings with partners, that are not known to the adversaries.

To play with marked cards or to employ private conventions is merely the difference between plain and fancy cheating. The original psychic bid, on void or very short suits, has lately come into disfavor, but the semi-psychic is still a popular pastime. This form of dissimulation consists of bidding on long worthless suits that ordinarily would be passed.

Some players just love to start the bidding on hands that do not contain the quick-trick values essential for an opening declaration.

When the ordinary, mill-run player, makes a *faux-pas* of this kind, and it works out badly, a few pleasantries are exchanged anent, "rotten bids," and all is forgiven.

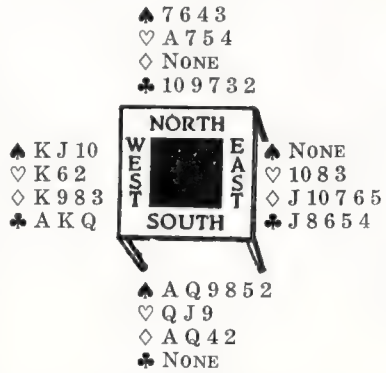
The expert however, when he makes an unsound bid, talks learnedly of semi-psychics and the awed partner is afraid to exhibit his ignorance of such advanced strategy, so he holds his peace.

It is curious how many good players would like to reserve for themselves the right to make such bids and have their partners keep to the straight and narrow path. Of course, it is generally lots more fun gambling on a hand and letting the partner do the guessing, than to try and figure out what the other fellow is doing.

As the poet expresses it:

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,
When partner murmurs, "two in Diamonds"
Holding seven to the Queen.

A player with strong proclivities for psychics succeeded in inducing the adversary to undertake a slam contract on a hand that the "psychicer" appeared to have hopelessly defeated. What a surprise!



The Bidding

South	West	North	East
1 Spade	2 No Trumps	5 Spades	Pass
6 Spades	Double	Pass	Pass
Pass			

WEST had a perfectly good two No Trump bid and North's jump to five Spades was a fair chance. To South however, it looked as though West was romancing, and on the old precept, "believe your partner, but beware of the adversary," he ventured for the slam. The Club was opened and the opposing Hearts picked up on the, "going and coming finesse." The Queen was led and covered and the nine finessed on the return. When the eight appeared on the second round of Hearts, it looked as though a trick in the suit must be lost unless East held the ten.

The Diamonds and Clubs were then cross-ruffed and as West decently and obligingly followed suit for ten tricks, he was chucked in the lead on a trump at the eleventh trick, South playing the nine, and forced to lead away from the King—Jack of Spades up to the major tenace in the Declarant's hand.

Knuckles and Feathers

By Percy Crosby

JUDGE presents this column without regard to its agreement or disagreement with the ideas and opinions expressed by the author, Percy Crosby, one of America's most interesting commentators. *The Editor.*

THE Senate is considering four per cent beer, while the house is considering a forty per cent tax on large incomes. Why not a four per cent tax and forty per cent beer?

Mr. Garner claimed "In five minutes I could put down a list of taxes that would yield $900,000,000 without including the sales tax." Fancy being without a pencil at such a time.

The heavy taxation on the rich has had a leveling effect on the people of the land—it's knocked them all out.

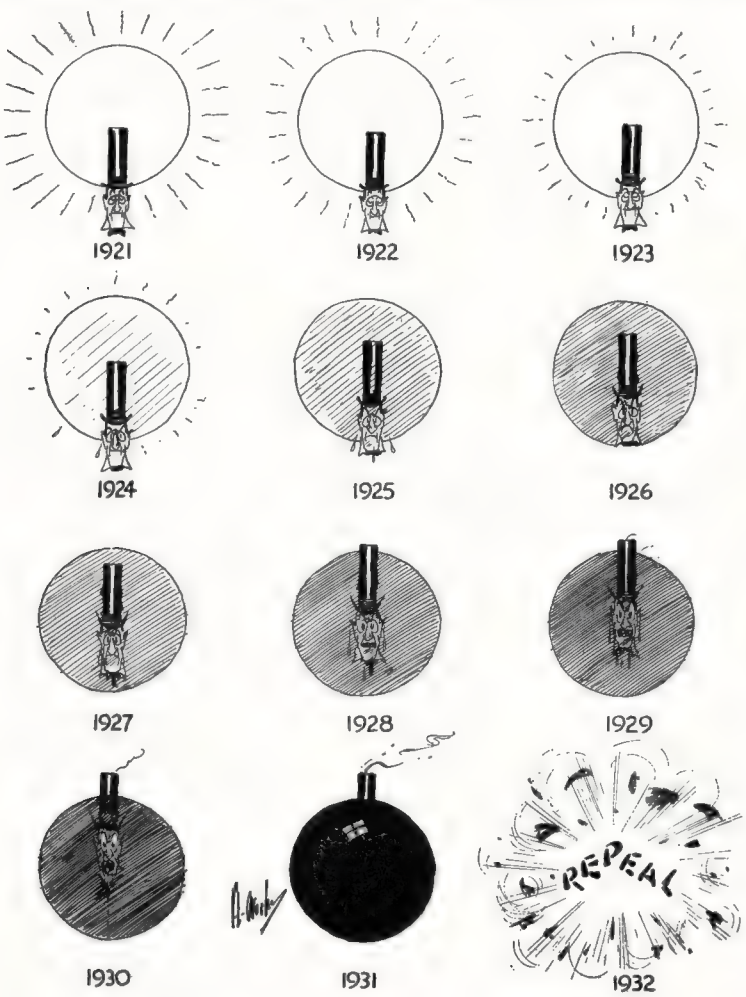
And under the new tax which Congress is working out for us, America will be able to boast that its bread line extends from Coast to Coast.

While the *Literary Digest* poll is overwhelming for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, the drys know that it takes only a few cowboys to round up their cattle.

And it's perhaps just as well that the 2.75% beer bill didn't go through the house with its possible taxation of three cents a pint. Listerine is a better mouth rinse.

In the old days of the saloon, high school girls used to toast marshmallows in the winter evenings. Nowadays many of them will toast any man that'll buy the drinks.

A Washington street band recently played "How Dry I Am," and Congress immediately stood at attention, thinking it was the National Anthem.



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Stevenson Writes: "Man Who Smokes Is Better Husband"

Makes For Contentment and Domestic Bliss, Says Famous Author

"Lastly," says Robert Louis Stevenson, giving his rules for a happy marriage, "no woman should marry a man who does not smoke." And the words which follow indicate that by smoking Stevenson means smoking a pipe.

For here is how he continues: "Whatever keeps a man in the front garden, whatever checks wandering fancy and all inordinate ambition, whatever makes for lounging and contentment, makes just so surely for domestic happiness."

Not all smoking makes for "lounging and contentment." There is the quick, nervous smoke which is the characteristic reaction of our too speedy modern life. It has its place, but it is a part of our nervous strain, not an antidote to it.

The pipe is long and slow and placid. The pipe soothes and relaxes and charms. The pipe sends out those cloudlike wreaths in which the eyes of affection picture the faces of loved ones and the visions of peace.

Every smoker wonders at one time or another if he would find a new satisfaction in the calmness of a good pipe. If you've wondered about that too, you'll find the answer to your question in the very genuine affection every pipe-smoker feels for his pipe.

Take Stevenson's advice. Relax, enjoy life more, live longer—with a pipe. But remember that your enjoyment of a pipe depends almost wholly upon the tobacco you use. Why not start right—with Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco? Men who have smoked Edgeworth for as long as twenty years say that it's a cool, slow-burning smoke that never bites the tongue. Probably it's that special Edgeworth blend of fine old burleys with its natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process.

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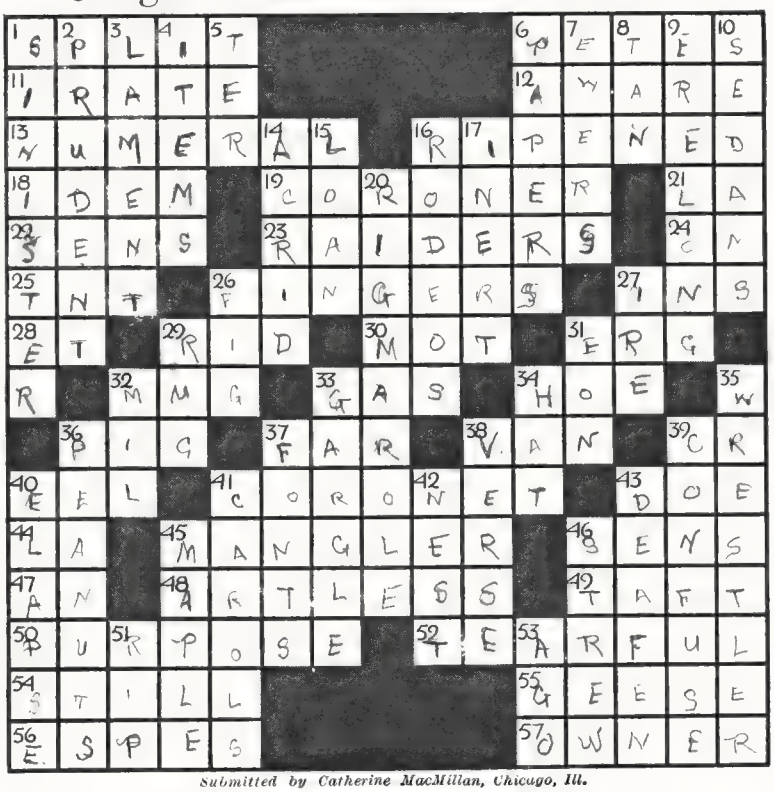
Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 258



Submitted by Catherine MacMillan, Chicago, Ill.

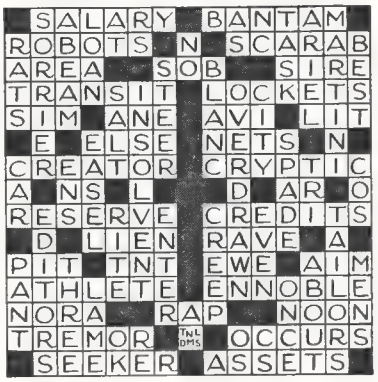
HORIZONTAL

1. What the party may do on account of the 18th amendment.
6. For this fellow's sake, we hope things will pick up.
11. "When words fail yuh."
12. As far as we know this is still conscious.
13. A prominent figure in sport circles.
16. If this has gone too far, it is all rot.
18. This always remains the same.
19. This man is always inquiring about some body.
21. A tonic for singers.
22. This will make some change in China. (plur.)
23. Unexpected unwelcome guests.
24. Where the family keep their old shoes now.
25. This has a bombastic way with it.
26. No matter what your problems are, you can always count on these.
27. The bunch in power.
28. You will have to take a Frenchman's word for this.
29. What a vacuum cleaner will do to a house of dust.
30. It would be easy to make a pun out of this.
31. If you wish to hurry up matters, make this work.
32. This is plain on the face of it.
33. In some states every motorist is compelled to stop for this.
34. This has left the city and will be put to work on the farm.
36. A squealer.
37. Beyond the horizon.
38. We hope this will start a move in the right direction.
39. Letters of credit.
40. A Wrigley product.
41. This can even "high hat" the Prince of Wales.
43. A dummy John.
44. This is just 21. (Hor.)
45. A pressing affair.
46. This will also make some change in Japan. (plur.)
47. This aesthetic miss is a knock-out.
48. We will try and make this simple for you.
49. A former big executive.
50. What brother punched sister on.
52. The kind of woman that gets her own way.
54. Stick in the mud.
55. Followers of Mother Goose.
56. Former name of Rocky Mt. National Park.
57. "Whatever possessed it."

VERTICAL

1. There is something ominous about this.
2. But here is a sensible kind of idea.
3. For crying out loud, you will gain nothing from this.
4. We will give you all the details for this.
5. This one labels pa as pater.
6. They often serve these just for the sake of appearances.
7. Ever since baseball first started these pitchers have been open mouthed.
8. A coat of this will be quite the mode this summer.
9. This will come to you shortly.
10. He bought one of these at a bargain and at his wife's suggestion turned it into a hot-dog stand, and what a hit he made.
14. This may be distasteful to you.
15. Something that always creates interest.
16. Horse play. (plur.)
17. That tired feeling.
20. The role of the average senator.
26. One of the Newtons.
27. "Some call it madness."
29. When the maestro was only 18 months old he learned to play on this.
31. It took ages to make this.
32. One-thousandth of an inch and three-fourths of a mile.
33. Whatever you hear, do not swallow this.
34. No matter how much this is blocked, it will continue to go on ahead.
35. His chief ambition is to throw a big party.
36. These are "nuts" about the circus.
37. The type that is always getting into print. (plur.)
38. This has rhythmic feet.
39. Ball up.
40. Only time can do this.
41. Joyful twitters.
42. A hang-out for the St. Louis cardinals.
43. What a big boom might do.
45. Some sap.
46. What the family can do with the Sunday paper.
51. This reminds one of the "Catskills."
53. There is no future for this.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle



High Hat

(Continued from page 23)

could easily have lead to a cooling iced rickey, but he resisted. Instead he dressed in a cool linen wetzel, sat in the breezes of the verandah cafe and had two noble experiments (adv.) Incidentally he found foreign bartenders have a tendency to shake, instead of good American stirring, a cocktail, using too much ice. This is because they are required by ship's company law to squeeze a strict limited number of drinks from each bottle. Something like Newton's law:—the more ice the less frisk-water required. Hence he found two noble experiments not too much for a good grip.

For lunch and dinner then, he had a bottle of red wine and a bottle of white, half of each per meal. Then, to exercise his brain, he either read or played bridge with the stewards. Three highballs, less than one an hour, stimulated the play. A nap, a shave and shower, dinner clothes and my human guinea pig was ready to attack the two pre-dinner appetite raisers. A liqueur after; then four more things with soda, one an hour from 8 to 12, lots of nice converse, and he had finished his eight hour day.

Answers to Mental Hihattainment

1. Alfonso, ex-King of Spain. The Prince of Wales. Ex-Prince Lennart of Sweden.

2. Mencken, Hoover, Coolidge, and Ruth. They're married.

3. Crosby, Colombo and Vallee, according to the song.

4. G. B. (Whiskers) Shaw. Marc Connelly. John Drew, to a gent who rudely awakened him at the Players Club to tell him he was sleeping with his mouth open. Groucho Marx. Ditto. The Gov. of one of the Carolinas to the other. The King in "The King's Breakfast" by Whimsey-me Milne.

5. "Men never make passes at girls who wear glasses," the couplet by Dorothy Parker that started all this Ogden Nashing of my teeth.

6. The American Indians.

7. Gauche gent in Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visiters." Electra in "Mourning Becomes Electra" by Gene Euripides O'Neill. They represented the Barrymores in the play "The Royal Family" by Kaufman & Ferber. Comic strip character who loathes work. Webster's inferiority ridden Timid Soul. Ed Graham's childmind gent in the silkhat. The idiot in Dostoievski's "The Idiot." Wodehouses's gentleman's gentleman. His employer. The hero of "Madame Butterfly."

8. It should read "I say it's spinach and I say the hell with it." Rogers, unlike Vallee, has kept straight and not married. Baleen is whalebone. A cayman is an alligator or crocodile.

9. Friendly Five Shoes. Ipana, a *scrub des dents*. Walker-Gordon Milk.

10. 4 negroes who simulate musical instruments in their singing. Col. Stoopnagle. A nitwit on the Cuckoo Hour. Jack and Jane Ace, of "Easy Aces," the bridge air cartoon for Lavoris.

11. Writer, otherwise known as S. S. Van Dine. Tripewriter. Singer. Airplane inventors. Publisher of the Satevepost, etc. Layer of Atlantic Cable. Football coach. Author. Ditto. Hero of Milne poem.

12. North.

13. ½ gin, ½ lemon juice. ¼ grenadine. White of one egg.

14. The apple. Recall Adam & Eve, Helen of Troy, Sir Isaac Newton, and unemployment.

15. Silver (U. S.) dollars, black derbies, medieval torture machine, Indian name for steam engine, automatic furnace, a publication, Bismarck.

16. The mule, Lefty Grove and Turks.

17. The electric chair. Blarney. To square a charge before it comes to trial. The winter-before odds quoted on the Kentucky Derby. Make your bets, gents, said by the croupiers at the Monte Carlo roulette tables. God be with you, which is Hebrew.

18. Jimmy Walker.

19. "Barretts of Wimpole Street" with Katharine Cornell.

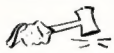
20. At this moment they are: 48; 35; 58; 57; 38; 50.

Answers to Last Week's IQs

No. 1: It is the simplest matter in the world to find the hole marked Operator, even in the dark, dial her and on getting her say "I want a policeman," and get one.

No. 2: Yes—once.

S.O.S. If a great rush of perfectly dandy original Eye-Queues don't deluge me by return mail, I'm afraid the dep't'll have to be discontinued. The offer, $3 for each printed, still holds good. So now what?



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THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 18)

the black boys and girls, I am therefore now constrained to request them, in their best interests, to call it a day and to migrate back to Harlem. There, in the cabarets that cater to the white gin-flask trade that is usually so boiled es macht nichts aus, they can go through their venerable rigmarole, get away with it and make a livelihood, provided the whites continue to be sufficiently pickled and bring along enough change to throw on the dance floor. But, in the Broadway playhouses, their day seems to be done. And it is they themselves who have done it.

* * *

NOTHING is more pathetic than the playwright who has gone Hollywood and who, confecting again a play for the theatre, tries assiduously to prove in it that Hollywood hasn't had the slightest corrupting influence on him. In "Housewarming," lately shown at the Hopkins, one such playwright, Gilbert Emery, has leaned so far backward from Hollywood in his effort to persuade folks that he is still what he was before shouting "California, here I come!" that he topples over and lands with a loud thud on his ear. Emery in his earlier and more honorable days wrote a play called "The Hero" that had merit. He also wrote one called "Tarnish" that had some fair stuff in it. But "Housewarming" attests anew to the sad fact that you can't eat your Hollywood cake and avoid a dramatic bellyache.

Nathan Recommends

"There's Always Juliet" (Miller)—A delicate and skilful little comedy on love, with H. Marshall and the Missus contributing very good performances.

"Of Thee I Sing" (Music Box)—A satirical slapstick brilliantly applied to the pants of American politics.

"The Animal Kingdom" (Empire)—Sex and humor nicely interwoven. Leslie Howard and a competent troupe merchant it.

"Face the Music" (New Amsterdam) — A saucy and highly comical revue razz of the more depressing elements in metropolitan life.

"The Cat and the Fiddle" (Globe)—A musical play with Jerome Kern's score to round out a very agreeable evening.

"The Left Bank" (Little)—Elmer Rice contrives a capable comedy on the jitney joyces who hie themselves to the literary Mecca on the Seine.

"The Laugh Parade" (Imperial)—Ed Wynn, that bounceful joey.

Nathan Recommends With Reservations

"Reunion in Vienna" (Beck)—A. Lunt and wife capering nimbly through a moderately amusing spoof of the Viennese complex professors.

"Counsellor-at-Law" (Plymouth) — A combination of acute observation and hokum. The tale of a not too scrupulous legal light.

"Cynara" (Shubert)—More sex, but here and there dramatized with greater understanding than usual.

Notes on Other Exhibits

"Blessed Event" (Longacre)—The saga of a Broadway columnist. It has some entertaining moments.

"Whistling in the Dark" (Barrymore) — Ernest Truex is droll as a detective story manufacturer who falls into the clutches of a gangster mob.

"Too True to Be Good" (Guild) — George Bernard Shaw's worst.

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